

LETTERS

FROM

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

And the Right Hon. the

Lord BOLINGBROKE,

To the Reverend

Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

To which is added

ALMAHIDE,

A

P O E M

BY THE

Lord BOLINGBROKE.

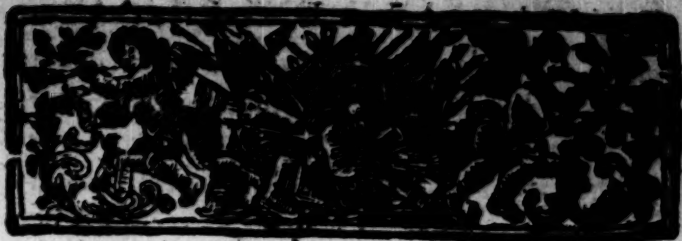
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ORIGINAL
LETTERS.

Mr. POPE to Dean SWIFT. *

Dear Sir,



Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extreamly. Your saying, that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my Friend GAY'S, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me Hopes you will look upon this as a sincere Effect of Friendship: Indeed, as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for

* Written in the Year, 1723,

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both

both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of Writing, so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a Possession you could not imagine needed any farther Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

It is an honest Truth, there is no one living or dead of whom I think oftner or better than yourself. I look upon you to be (as to me) in a State between both; you have from me, all the Passions and good Wishes that can attend the Living, and all that Respect and tender Sense of Loss that we feel for the Dead. Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate State, at this Distance, and in this Absence, Dean SWIFT lives still in *England*, in every Place and Company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts, in which I would have any Share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you; besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my Friends of a latter date, are such as were yours before. Lord OXFORD, Lord HARCOURT, and Lord HARLEY, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you. Lord BOLINGBROKE is now returned

ned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary-Rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his Heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill Fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I have most lived, must be Banished! After both of you left *England*, my constant Host was the Bishop of ROCHESTER; sure this is a Nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius but at the Expence of another: I tremble for my Lord PETERBOROW (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General; and if he escapes being Banished by others, I fear he will Banish himself. This leads me to give you some Account of my Manner of Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions, a Glut of Study and Retirement, in the first Part of my Life, cast me into This, and This I begin to see will throw me again into Study and Retirement,

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have hindred me from being violent or sour to any Party; but at
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the same time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at, any ; I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The Merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me, and yet I have acquired a Quietness of Mind which by Fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish That World well ; My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminished : Aversions I have none but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and those I cannot be commonly civil to, for I think those next to Knaves who converse with them ; the greatest Man in Power, of this sort, shall hardly make me Bow to him, unless I had a personal Obligation to him, and that I will take care not to have. The top Pleasure of my Life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the Freedoms of Friendship with Men much my Superiors. To have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praise ; but not to have flattered them, and yet not to have displeased, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and
Scriblers,

Scriblers unless where by chance I have found a Modest one; by these Means I have had no Quarrels with any personally; and none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Enclaircismment with such, whatever they writ or said I never related, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the Matter: There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have, would be to pass my Days with you; and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the World, and I find to wish it, is as vain, as to wish to live to see the *Millenium*, and the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth.

If I have sinned in my long Silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a Sinner; as often as you see his Hand you will learn to do me Justice, and feel in your Heart, how long a Man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever faithful Servant,

A. P O P E.



Lord BOLINGBROKE

T O

Dean SWIFT.*

I Am not so lazy as POPE, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own Cause he pleads yours; and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge; you will do the same on your Part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great Justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-Keepers in *Holland*, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not stand to the Award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it; but Annual-Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it; and I be-

* This seems to be written by way of *Postscript* to Mr. Pope's Letter.

gin

gin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one Word to you about myself (since it is a Subject on which you appear to have no Curiosity) was it not to try, how far the Contrast between POPE's Fortune and Manner of Life, and Mine may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; that Love which I used to scatter with some Profusion among the whole Female Kind, has been these many Years devoted to One Object; a great many Misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a Retirement from the World, have made that just and nice Discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom Sagacity enough to make for Ourselves; those Insects of various Hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the Sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the Shade. No Man comes to a Hermitage but for the Sake of the Hermit; a few Philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull Climate and duller Company have not altered you extreamly from what you was nine Years ago.

The

The hoarse Voice of Party was never heard in this quiet Place* ; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF are admitted, this Distinction is owing to some Strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher, had (like the *Indian* FOHU, the *Grecian* PYTHAGORAS, the *Persian* ZOROASTER, and others his Precursors among the *Arabians*, *Magians*, and the *Egyptian* SERES) both his Outward and his Inward Doctrine, and that he was of no Side at the Bottom ——— When I am there, I forget I was ever of any Party myself ; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted Reason of Things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such Monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing Dream by the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, by GUICCIARDIN, by MACHIAVEL, and by THUANUS ; for I have vowed to read no History of Our own Country, till that Body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a Glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the Hurry of the World ; on the contrary, the single Regret which I ever

* DAWLEY.

feel, is that I fell so late into this Course of Life : My Philosophy grows confirmed by Habit, and if you and I meet again I will extort this Approbation from you, I am *consilio bonus, sed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nil non recte facere non possim.* The little Incivilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have been so far from rendring me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my Fears, by shewing me how impotent the Malice of the World is; others have cured me of my Hopes, by shewing how precarious popular Friendships are ; all have cured me of Surprise ; in driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of cursed Company ; and in stripping me of Titles, and Rank, and Estate, and such Trinkets, which every Man that will may spare, they have given me that which no Man can be happy without.

Reflection and Habit have rendred the World so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal Friendships interest me in the Affairs of it, and this Principle extends my Cares but a little Way: Perfect Tranquility is the general Tenour of my Life ; good Digestions, serene Weather, and some other mechanic Springs

Springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new Friends, and have lost some Old ones; my Acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of Pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of Friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of Acquaintance should methinks precede them; my Losses of this kind give me but little Trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a Friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few Days) I shall fall back into that Course of Life, which keeps Knaves and Fools at a great distance from me; I have an Aversion to them Both, but in the ordinary Course of Life I think I can bear the sensible Knave better than the Fool: One must indeed with the former be in some, or other, of the Attitudes of those Wooden Men whom I have seen before a Sword-Cutler's Shop in *Germany*, but even in these constrained Postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an Obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another Coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my Guard as the Knave, and he makes

makes me no amends; he numbs me like the
Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This
is the Picture of an old Friend, and more
like him than that will be which you once
asked, and which he will send you, if you
continue still to desire it——Adieu, dear
SWIFT, with all thy Faults I love Thee in-
tirely, make an Effort, and love me on with
all mine.

BOLINGBROKE.



ALMA.



ALMAHIDE,
AN
O D E.

By HENRY SAINT-JOHN, *Esq*; *

I.

LONG have I wander'd from the *Muse's* Seat,
Where, ever present to the Poet's Eyes,
A thousand grateful Objects rise,
Where all is gay, and all is sweet.
Where, when past Images we find,
By Memory with these combin'd,
She from her store of fading Sense can move,
And frame no Fancy but of Joy and Love.
Where Ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace resides,
The sacred Temple where *Apollo* hides,
From the profane and vulgar Eyes,
His awful Mysteries.
This blooming Garden of the *Delian* God
Long since I left, new Paths to try;

* An incorrect Copy of this Poem was published in
the Year 1701.

On rough uneven Ground I trod,
And sought the Gloomy dark Abode
Of Wisdom and Philosophy.

II.

From hence escap'd with Joy to Thee I come ;
Thee I revisit now, my native Home.

That Magic Land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of those Lethargic Streams,
That with their Poisons taint the Blood,
And stop the sprightly Purple Flood ;
That upward to the sickly Head
Send lazy Vapours, idle Dreams.

Again I'll taste of the Prophetic Rill,
Which rises fast by the *Pierian* Hill.

Phæbus all other Nymphs forsook,
To chase *Castalia*, young and fair,
To bathe in her delightful Waves,

All other Waters now he leaves,
He loosens here his golden Hair,
And plunges in the lucid Brook.

Once the coy Maid refus'd the Grace,
And would not suffer his Divine Embrace,

Now wiser grown, no more she'll fly,
But clasps the God, and hugs the naked Deity.

III.

As Mariners their Canvas Wings distend,
Leaving the Pole, to ev'ry Northern Blast ;

Southward their Courses bend,

And th' Artic Circle past,

The Temp'rate Zone with Pleasure meet ;

With Pleasure feel the glowing Heat,

And as they nearer to him run,

Salute the long abandon'd Sun.

Thus from the frozen Skies,

Where once benumb'd she lay,

My Muse to milder Regions flies,

And to *Parnassus* wings her Way.

IV. Methinks

IV.

Methinks already in my Heart,
 I feel a secret Warmth arise,
 Which thence diffus'd to ev'ry vital Part,
 Glows in my Face, and sparkles in my Eyes.
 I see the Summit of the Hill,
 With Spires of Glory crown'd;
 And nearer now I see the Mound,
 Such was *Apollo's* will,
 Rais'd by the Muses to keep off the Croud
 Of thronging Poets, insolent and loud.
 Wretches, whom tho' he daigns not to inspire,
 Would yet be plac'd among the Golden Choir.

V,

Here *Garth* appears, to whom consign'd
 The double Charge of Health and wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to see his Arts disgrac'd,
 Physic and Poetry at once debas'd;
 Their sacred Ends for public Good design'd,
 Perverted to destroy and plague Mankind
 To *Garth* the double Charge imparts,
 Of living Verse, and healing Arts.
 Him when the God resolv'd to send,
 He bid *Hygieia* on his Steps attend.
 Bid ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace prepare,
 To warm the Bard with all their Fires,
 To join his Song with all their Lyres,
 And make his matchless Poem * all their Care.

VI.

But now arriv'd I mount the sacred Hill,
 And Joy and Rapture all my Senses fill.
 My melancholy Thoughts retire apace,
 And fly like Demons from the Place.

I feel

I feel, I feel the God return,
He takes Possession of my Breast,
And I with all his Fury burn.
Again I feel the pleasing Smart ;
Love fills his ancient Throne, my Heart ;
A charming Tyrant, and a welcome Guest.

VII.

I know ye well, ye silent Groves,
Conscious of my secret Loves :
Tell me how often have I found,
Beneath your gentle Shade,
In pensive Act upon the Ground,
The mournful STREPHON * laid.
STREPHON, the Glory of our *British* Plains,
The Wish of all the Nymphs, and Envy of the Swains
How often have I heard his charming Voice,
Thro' all the neighb'ring Hills resound,
And to repeat the Heav'nly Notes rejoice,
With † *Myra* he begins his Lays,
And ends 'em all in *Myra's* Praise;
Nothing but *Myra* dwells upon his Tongue,
Charm of his Heart, and Subject of his Song.
Her Beauty and the Verse alike succeed,
Nor can Oblivion fear ;
For after Ages shall with Rapture read,
What we with Rapture hear.
The pow'rful Lute on which the *Thracian* play'd,
Was by the Muses to the Skies convey'd ;
One more bright Star shall in the Field appear,
And *Granville's* Pen adorn the glitt'ring Sphere.

VIII.

But soft, I hear
The sounding Lyre;
And see the God is near,
And all the tuneful Choir,

* *George Granville, Esq ; late Lord Lansdowne.*

† The Countess of *Newburgh* lately deceased.

I've reach'd the tow'ring Height,
 'Tis here the *Muses* stay;
 From hence I'll take my Flight,
 And wing my airy Way.
 A loft my Muse and I will go,
 She Scorns to aim at little Things,
 At Heroes or at Kings,
 She cannot stoop so low,
 To *Almahide* address thy Song,
 It does of Right to her belong.
 Soar like the *Theban* Swan on high,
 Nor be afraid to venture nigh
 The flaming Region of the Sky.

IX.

Go on, my Muse, go on;
 Boldly approach the Sun;
 And from his Chariot Wheel
 Attempt to steal
 The sacred Fire
 That does the Gods inspire.
 Then may'st thou in Immortal Lays
 A more than Mortal Beauty praise.
 Or should thy melting Pinions fail,
 And I precipitate descend;
 Should my unlucky Stars prevail,
 And give my Days this fatal End;
 Yet in the Monuments of Fame
 I shall secure a lasting Name;
 And to have dar'd a Thing so great,
 Will place me far above the Pow'r of Fate.
 Then when I draw my latest Breath,
 Should *Almahide* vouchsafe to smile,
 That would compensate for my Death,
 And more than pay me for my Toil.

X.

Stay, foolish Muse, thy Hurry stay,
 Where will thy Madness run;
 To *Almahide* direct thy Way,

And

And seek no other Sun.
 'Tis she supplies,
 With brighter Eyes
 The Distance of the God of Day.
 When they are shut, in *Britain* then 'tis Night,
 And we eternal Darkness fear,
 But when the radiant Balls appear,
 We feel their Warmth, and bless the rising Light.
 Thus shall my Theme my Song Inspire,
 And heat my Breast with double Fire ;
 And thus my humble Genius raise
 High as the Beauty that I praise.
 Thus be my want of Strength supply'd,
 Thus may she grant what Nature has deny'd.
 I ask no Inspiration but from *Almabide*.

XI.

In the World's early Days,
 When first *Religion* did appear ;
Religion, which has cost Mankind so dear ;
 When Men began to raise
 Gods to themselves, and then those Gods to fear,
 Chose various Lords, and tir'd of being free,
 Of ev'ry *Virtue* fram'd a *Deity* :
 Had *Almabide* been known,
 Had she been born to shine,
 They had ador'd no other Shrine,
 All these Perfections are in Her combin'd,
 The Form of *Venus* and *Diana*'s Mind.
 Her Rays a Lustre like the Sun's dispence,
 And shed on all a bounteous Influence.
 A cruel Glance from those fair Eyes,
 A Word by her in Anger spoke,
 Gives more Alarms,
 Than *Jove* in Arms.
 And swifter than his Light'ning flies,
 And surer than his Stroke,
 Only below she could not dwell,
 Or Hell would be no longer Hell.

At her Approach the Realms of Woe
 Would change their Horrid Face ;
 The burning Flood forget to flow,
 And Furies fly the place.

XII.

And see! the lovely Form appear,
 Before my ravish'd Eyes!
 Close to yon Chrystal Stream the *Charmer* lies,
 Behold her, *Swains*, behold her there ;
 Impending Branches shield the Fair,
 And Beds of *Cammomile* the beauteous Burthen bear.
 See. how reclining on the Grass,
 In this clear Brook, her faithful Glass,
 First she collects her scatter'd Hair,
 Then in Tresses,
 As she dresses,
 Places ev'ry Flow'r that's gay,
 Places all the Pride of *May*,
 Not to adorn, but to compare.
 In vain with Her's their brightest Colours vie,
 The blushing *Rose*
 Its Weakness knows,
 And vanquish'd *Lillies* own her Victory.
 Nor raises she her Head, but downward bent,
 Approves their Form, and smiling seems content.
 Observe the Troops of Loves
 That swarm about the Groves,
 Lean on their Wings, and hanging in the Air,
 Mistake the Nymph, and think their Mother there.

XIII.

Gently, sweet *Zephyr*, gently blow,
 And make th' injurious Mantle rise,
 And wound our Hearts and please our Eyes.
 Unveil the Nymph, dear Wind remove
 Those Clouds that hide this World of Love,
 And see the friendly Breeze obeys,
 Saluting he betrays.
 O! give her Slave to know,

That

That Sea of Milk, those Hills of Snow,
 And all the blissful Vales of Joy below.
 He would, but can no more disclose:
 Resisting Robes oppose:
 The thousand Folds of that invidious Vest,
 Inshrine their Treasure, and our Sight arrest.
 Corporeal Eyes no farther reach;
 But Fancy is not thus confin'd;
 Fancy can enter thro' the smallest Breach,
 And thro' the subtle Plaits a Passage find.
 Thus having pierc'd the Screen,
 Fancy relates what she has seen.
 And tires the Soul while she instructs the Mind.

XIV.

Thus we, fond Wretches, court our Fate,
 And when the pointed Darts,
 Increase the Pains we might abate,
 And plunge 'em in our Hearts.
 In vain we hope to find a Cure,
 No Remedy is nigh;
 Without Relief we must endure,
 And without Pity die.
 Fair *Almabide* gives Love to all,
 All that dare look her Victims fall;
 But she herself Receives from None,
 Or what's the same to Me, from One;
 One happy Man that dwells within those Arms,
 Tastes all her Joys, and rifles all her Charms.
 While dying Crouds of Lovers stand,
 And look, and gaze, and wish to share;
 But Virtue with her Magic Wand,
 Encircles round the Happy Pair.

Thus

Thus when the *Moon* on *Larian-Latmus* lay*,
 And rapt in Pleasure laugh'd her Hours away,
 Her Beauty and her Light to all Mankind,
 Without Distinction shin'd,
 But to *Endymion* was her Love confin'd †

* The last *Thought*, and the last *Line*, are taken from
 Lord *Lansdowne*. I think myself obliged to own the
Debt, tho' I am unable to pay it.

† Alluding to the Story of *Diana* and *Endymion*.

F I N I S.

